

# THE INDIAN WARRIOR'S GRAVE

Green is the grave by the wild dashing river,  
Where sleeps the brave with his arrows and quiver;  
Where in his pride he roved in his childhood,  
Fought he, and died, in the depths of the wildwood.

In the lone dell, while his wigwam defending,  
Nobly he fell 'neath the hazel-boughs bending;  
Where the pale foe and he struggled together,  
Who from his bow tore his swift-arrowed feather.

Ere the next noon the bold warrior was buried;  
And ere a moon his tribe westward had hurried.  
But a rude cross, with its rough-chiselled numbers,  
Half hid in moss, tells the red warrior slumbers.

## INDIAN HUNTER.

O why does the white man follow my path, like the hound on the tiger's track?  
Does the flush of my dark cheek waken his wrath? does he covet the bow at  
my back?

He has rivers and seas, where the billows and breeze  
Bear riches for him alone—and the sons of the wood,  
Never plunge in the flood, which the white man calls his own.  
Yha, yha!

Then why should he come to the streams where none but the red skin dare to  
swim?  
Why, why should he wrong the hunter? one who never did harm to him!  
Yha, yha, yha!

The Father above thought fit to give to the white man corn and wine—  
There are golden fields where he may live, but the forest shades are mine.  
The eagle hath its place of rest, the wild horse where to dwell,  
And the Spirit that gave the bird its nest, made me a home as well.  
Yha, yha!

Tnen back! go back! from the red man's track, for the red man's eyes are dim,  
To find that the white man wrongs the one who never did harm to him.  
Yha, yha, yha!

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